

Pam Binney, Juliette P.  
Biog.

358

BIOGRAPHICAL SERIES No. 4.

1808.

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WOMAN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY,  
OF THE WEST.

"They have but left our weary ways  
To live in memory here, in heaven by love and praise."

CHICAGO:  
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## JULIETTE PATTISON BINNEY.

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“Thy love  
Shall chant its own beatitudes,  
After its own life-workings ; a child kiss  
Set upon thy sighing lips, shall make thee glad ;  
A poor man served by thee, shall make thee rich ;  
A sick man helped by thee, shall make thee strong ;  
Thou shalt be served thyself, by every sense of service which thou renderest.”

“During the lifetime of our Savior it was the privilege of woman to minister to him of her substance ; to sit at his feet and hear his word ; to weep in penitence behind him ; and, her quick perception foreboding the last dark scene, she anointed him beforehand for his burial ; she was the earliest herald of his resurrection ; and she united her prayers with those of the disciples for the descent of the Holy Spirit. When the Jews in every city raged against the apostolic missionaries, it was her hand that extended aid to the persecuted ones. The early centuries of the church witnessed the faithful labors of woman for Christ, and her heroic endurance of martyrdom for his sake ; and the present day shows her undiminished consecration to his service. There can be no doubt that whatever may be deemed the position for which woman is fitted in social and political life, in work for the Savior she has a place peculiarly her own.”

Let us trust that the contemplation of the graces and eminent services of one of these saintly women may inspire a

sympathy of purpose and a likeness of nature in those who read this sketch, and that this example of a consecrated life may kindle to a brighter glow, their piety and goodness.

Juliette Pattison was the daughter of Rev. William Pattison, pastor of the Baptist Church at West Haven, Vt., where she was born Oct. 1st, 1808. A few years later her father removed to Western New York, where he spent the remainder of his life. In this new country her educational advantages were necessarily limited; however, with the aid of her father and brothers, she was enabled to prepare herself for an eminently successful teacher of young women in after years.

In her girlhood, while in so delicate health that friends and physician thought her an invalid for her probably brief life, she left her father's house to live with her brother, Rev. R. E. Pattison, D. D., then pastor of the First Baptist Church, Providence, R. I., who, she says, was not only a very dear brother, but also sustained an almost paternal and even maternal relation to her. This change proved of great benefit, although she suffered from homesickness in this first separation from parents, brothers and sister. The preaching of her brother met her peculiar need and she was the first fruit of his ministry in Providence, where he baptized her and gave her the hand of fellowship. Henceforth the question of her loving and obedient heart was, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

Soon after this Miss Pattison became associate Principal of Charlestown Female Seminary, near Boston, Mass., which position she retained until the year 1833, when she became the wife of Rev. Joseph G. Binney, then pastor of the Baptist Church at West Boylston, Mass.



From this time, until their last parting, the "heart of her husband safely trusted in her, and she did him good all the days of his life." Her strong and lovely character, uniform cheerfulness and calm confidence in God, fitted her to be most emphatically a helper to him; while her charm of person and manner, her natural gifts, her training as a teacher, her wisdom and patience as an adviser and friend, gave her great power and influence in the varied positions and responsibilities to which she was called.

Early in the year 1843, while they were pleasantly located in Savannah, Ga., with hosts of admiring and loving friends about them, Dr. Binney was called to the training of a native ministry among the Karens of Burma. She well knew that his heart had been filled with the missionary spirit from the time of his conversion, and she had little doubt what would seem to him the path of duty, and made no attempt to bias his decision. In her own words, "Little was said to each other for a time, but much was told to Jesus." She could say with her noble husband, "I had long since settled the point never to prefer a place of comfort to one of usefulness." Accordingly the first day of July, 1843, they left their sorrowing church and friends in Savanna, and embarked for Boston, to make preparation for their long voyage to Burma. On the 18th of the following November, they sailed in the ship *Charles*, and arrived at Maulmain, April 6th, 1844.

Mrs. Binney was so impressed with the degradation and ignorance of this people for whom she had sacrificed so much, that she says of the first Christian Karen woman she ever saw, "I was so taken by surprise, so shocked by the revelation that this was a fair specimen of the women with whom I was

to live, that I turned from her in disgust, and wept convulsively, bitter tears of regret and rebellion at first, but followed by tears of shame and humility that I, a disciple of Him who 'endured the cross, despising the shame,' for such as these, should possess a spirit which must be vastly more offensive to Him than her filth and nakedness could be to me. It then seemed to me, that this redeemed one would in Heaven wear a brighter crown, and a more dazzling robe than I; then, I was prepared to accept my husband's reminder that 'it would be a sweet privilege to help in the elevation of these women, who were degraded, not from closing their eyes to the Light of Life, but because the first rays of the Gospel had scarcely fallen upon them as yet.' "

In after years Mrs. Binney had especial reasons for gratitude and happiness in the work which she was permitted to accomplish among these women, who seemed at first so unlovely and unattractive.

After seven months spent in studying the Karen language together, they went to a Karen village in the jungle, determined to acquire more freedom in speaking the language which they could at this time read and write, allowing no one to accompany them who could speak a word of English. Mrs. Binney opened a little school and with the help of the children and domestics was soon speaking Karen fluently.

How she accomplished so much and excelled in so many directions is explained in her own words at this time: "I find myself slowly improving in the ability to teach and talk with the people. I am encouraged to think that time and *hard work*, will make me at home in this language, but nothing else will do it; it will not come to one by ever so patient calling and waiting."



The next year, the last of April, 1845, Mrs. Binney, with her husband, went to their new home, on the mission premises, called Newton, a short distance from Maulmain. Here they labored until April, 1850, when, Mrs. Binney's health failing, they sailed for America via England, on the ship *Sutlej*, arriving in Boston the following autumn. They remained in this country eight years, when Dr. Binney was reappointed as missionary and principal of the Karen Literary and Theological Institution. Arriving in Rangoon, May 1859, they did not return to their former home near Maulmain, but proceeded to a new location near Rangoon, called Kemendine, accessible by boat. Mrs. Binney was in many ways severely taxed and suffered much from fever and other ailments for four years after going to Kemendine, though her naturally elastic temperament kept her up so that she continued her work. But one morning on attempting to rise, she found one of her limbs useless and being unable to move without pain she was compelled to keep her couch for a long time. After fifteen months of trial of all that could be done for her in Burma, it was decided that she must have medical treatment in a more favorable climate. She accordingly left Burma alone May 9th, 1863. Her husband joined her two years later in Philadelphia, and remained with her in this country eighteen months, when they returned together to Rangoon by the overland route, arriving in December, 1866. She was soon instructing a class of promising young women, and a year later became her husband's assistant in the Seminary.

With her, religious instruction ever held the first place; but the common school branches were also taught for two rea-

sons—to arouse the dormant faculties of these people wholly unaccustomed to reflection; and to provide them with the means for making a support for themselves and their families, she taught them a little English. In this department she was a pioneer, virtually standing alone for years, there being on the part of many of the missionaries an objection to the introduction of English into the mission schools. But it was her conviction as well as that of Dr. Binney, that for natives who must seek employment at the hands of a steadily increasing English community a knowledge of the language would be of a great value. They lived to see English taught to a greater or less extent in all the mission schools. Mrs. Binney was so completely given up to her work, that one who was often with her, says: “She was never free from natives the day through; I have heard her say that she could not take a nap by herself; if she succeeded in slipping away for a little while and falling asleep, in all probability she would open her eyes on a group of native women sitting on the floor silently watching her. Her loving heart could not look upon them in the light of intruders, but as hungry and benighted souls silently begging for bread or waiting for the light, and no matter how much the weary flesh rebelled, she must rouse herself to minister to them. This constant burden of souls, this abiding sense of responsibility, wore upon mind and body vastly more than the labor of teaching.” She not only taught in her school, but she visited the natives in their houses and tried to teach them what Christian homes should be.

While assisting her husband in the Seminary, she prepared a translation of Dr. Cutter’s *Anatomy and Physiology*, of which she writes a friend, May 4th, 1870:

“I have given a great deal of time to this translation. I think I should average four hours daily for the entire year. To find language to convey so many new ideas has not been an easy task. I shall teach it this year and make corrections and improvements, and probably rewrite the whole, if my life and health are spared.”

April 4th, 1871, she writes again of this work :

“I call it a translation, but it is also adapted to the wants of the Karens. I have no doubt there will be room for great improvement, but I think no work for the Karen Christians is more needed. It has been on my table for two years, and though I turn to it, like the needle to the pole, I assure you it is pretty difficult to do a work like this in the snatches of time that I can get. If I should never complete it a good work has been done ; but I hope to see it in the hands of the Karens. Every year adds something to their stock of knowledge; they are eager, hungering and thirsting for scientific knowledge, at least those who have tasted of it. I have felt, my dear friend, that my time was short, and my work had all been teaching, so that when I was gone the work in a measure was done, though I do not think exactly that—any labor invested in a human soul or mind is secure for time and eternity too, but I thought this book would do good when I was gone.”

She was an intelligent, patient, consecrated worker, and when the providence of God called her even to drudgery of work for her dear Karens she shrank not from it, but made the “drudgery divine.” With all these arduous and varied duties she was remarkable for her uniform cheerfulness, the secret of which was her unquestioning faith. As one has said, “However dark the way appeared she never doubted that it led into the light.” The same year she writes:

“We have Dr. Wade with us now which adds a good deal to my care and, also, to our happiness. He is a very dear, good man, and it is a great privilege to enjoy his rich conversation and his fervent prayers; he is very feeble but he works at his translations. He is now at work on his Anglo-Karen Dictionary and I think gives on an average five hours of good work daily,



and his ability to do the work makes it more than ten hours of almost any other man. He is very cheerful and happy with us, and I really feel that it is doing work for the Lord to take care of one of his faithful servants. How different every common service seems if we can feel it is for Him who gave his life for us."

Nov. 2d, 1872, after the death of Dr. Wade, she writes a friend:

"Dr. Wade's long illness was a great tax upon our strength and sympathies, but it was, also, a great privilege to have been permitted to minister to the necessities of one whom, I am sure, was very dear to Jesus; whose whole life had been given to His service, and we felt almost as if we were doing unto the Lord in person. When he left us I was almost as much emaciated as Dr. Wade himself, and I expected to give up entirely, but so far from it I rested a few days and felt almost well."

After a few weeks, however, the effects of this severe and long continued strain were apparent and she was brought so low that there was very little hope of her recovery; but her work was not yet accomplished and she rallied after a time. In writing of this period to a friend in America, she says:

"I cannot say I was anxious. Life is sweet, and so is Heaven, and I was perfectly satisfied to leave the decision with infinite wisdom and love. The Karens offered prayer continually for restoring mercy. I never saw more genuine sympathy or grief. I trust the life thus spared for a little, will be renewedly and wholly given back to Him who has heard prayer and granted our requests."

When Dr. Wade died he bequeathed the work of completing his Anglo-Karen Dictionary to Mrs. Binney; we shall learn later how faithfully she fulfilled this trust. But Mrs. Binney was not able to immediately resume her work, and their faithful friend, Wm. Bucknell, of Philadelphia, urged Dr. Binney to come at once with Mrs. Binney, to his home. He could not leave his work, but urged by her

husband she again started alone, embarking for London on her way to America. She was absent but eight months and then returned to her husband and to her work in greatly improved health. Under the pressure of heavy cares, many anxieties and severe labors, Dr. Binney's health failed, and early in 1876 they embarked for Rome, Italy, where they spent nearly three months in quiet lodgings; then, after a short time in Florence, they sailed from Leghorn, for New York, stopping at many interesting places in Italy, Sicily and Spain, and reaching this country May 23d, 1876. In July, 1877, Dr. Binney, with improved health, decided to return to Burma, to finish his missionary work; but taking cold in Warsaw, N. Y., where he had spent the summer, inflammatory rheumatism soon developed. As soon as he was partially relieved they hastened to New York City, two weeks before the steamer was to sail. A skillful physician did all that was possible for his recovery and much was hoped from the sea voyage.

On the arrival of the steamer at Glasgow, a noted physician thought he would improve rapidly when they reached the latitude of milder temperature; so they sailed from Glasgow, but the hope of relief was not realized as they moved southward, and on the morning of November 26th, when the steamer was in the Indian Ocean, about 600 miles west of the Island of Ceylon, he resigned his spirit into the hands of Him who gave it, and his body was committed to the bosom of the great deep.

Mrs. Binney writes: "With what agony I did so, only He who knows and pities us in all our sorrows can ever understand."



In a letter written a month later to a friend in America, she says:

“Just about this time you will be receiving the letters, or at least they will receive them at the “Rooms,” conveying the intelligence that we arrived in Rangoon without my dear husband. The friends came on board to welcome us, missionaries, natives and others, without having heard a word. You will imagine it was a trying time to me; letters of most cordial greeting from the out-stations awaited us. The house was all ready for our reception, and Mr. Binney so carefully thought of. But he had been ten days in Paradise, occupying one of the mansions prepared by our Savior. We both anticipated this some days before the event and it was in no ways painful to him, and I thought so much of his extreme sufferings every moment, and of the future life, that I gave the sea no thought, but when it actually came to be done, it was the most terrible hour of my life. I soon, however, came to regard it differently, and it now seems fitting and proper. It is not the sea that troubles me. It will as surely give up its dead as will the graves. He is not there but has risen. At one time he had a desire, if he should die in America, to be buried with his fathers, but the place is not cared for now, and he was pained to see it. I was anxious to reach Rangoon, after I saw he could not be with me long, but I feel happier to have it just as it is; there is great mercy in it all. I look back with grief inexpressible at his great suffering, and think it might have been less if we had not left America. But he said twice to me, the last time not forty-eight hours before he left me, that he had never regretted for a moment our having left. He was sure he did right in offering still farther service to the Lord in Burma; the Lord was not spurning the offer, but He had no need of it and would give him higher service. So this reconciles me.

My husband was so reluctant to have me leave him that I did so very little. My strength held out to the last. We went hand in hand to the very gates of the Celestial City, and then he entered in, and I saw him no more, ‘yet a little while.’ I often think of those words of Jesus, ‘If ye love me ye will rejoice because I go to my Father.’ ”

Closing her account of his last illness and burial at sea written to his sisters, she says:

“God has been pleased to verify his promise toward me, my strength has been equal to my day. I now feel as if life will be very desolate, but if the Lord has anything more for me to do, He will give me strength to do it.”

December 8th, the Sabbath following their arrival in Rangoon, Mrs. Binney sat in the little chapel of the Karen Theological Seminary, which her sainted husband had dedicated, and in which he had preached his last sermon, to listen to the Memorial service arranged by his friends and co-workers.



## II

“ Grief should be  
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate;  
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free ;  
Strong to consume small troubles ; to command  
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end.”

And now Mrs. Binney being in her seventieth year, is it not to be expected that she will return to her native land for well earned rest and quiet in the evening of her days? She is urged to do so, and has means to choose her place of sojourn until the end comes. But Rangoon is her home; here her “best friends and kindred dwell.” She can say of the Karen Christians, as did her Master of his disciples, “He that doeth the will of my Father which is in Heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother.” She did not say—the thought, even, seems not to have been in her heart—“Now that my precious husband has gone from me I have nothing to live for,” but she seems rather to have said, “While there is one poor heathen whom I may help to the knowledge of the true God, or one native convert to whom I may teach His way more perfectly, life with its opportunities for service is a priceless boon, and I cannot be utterly desolate.” She had lived first for Christ, then for her husband; Christ and his service remain to her. No one so well as she, could finish her husband’s uncompleted literary work, and instruct the young disciples she had gathered about her, so, controlling her grief, consulting the well known judgment and wishes of her absent

loved one, and leaning on an unseen but almighty arm, she takes up both accustomed and unaccustomed duties.

In January, 1878, she writes:

"I am quite well settled now, and it is very pleasant. I shall commence correcting the 'proofs' of our Anglo-Karen Dictionary, which has made almost no progress since we left. Time is short with me and what I do must be done quickly. The College is prospering, and Mr. Smith is doing well with the Seminary. All this would have given my precious one joy—it does now, perhaps."

Later, she writes a friend, expressing thanks for "tender sympathy so delicately expressed," and says:

"It is hard to miss the consciousness of being first to some one. It has been very hard for me to learn to keep my thoughts and feelings whether joyful or trying, to myself, and very hard to act without approval or advice, but I am learning to bear both better. I certainly tell Jesus more and man less; then the knowledge of my husband's views and practice for so many years seem almost like a present influence to guide and comfort. I have a rich legacy in the influence which the companionship of almost half a century has been to me."

Very soon members of the Mission Circle in Burma, personal friends of Dr. Binney, and men prominent in the work of Theological education in this country, of his own and other denominations, urged with forcible reasons that Dr. Binney's books should be supplemented by his Life, which the educated Karens might read. All said to Mrs. Binney: "The work of preparing this Life must be done by yourself. In no way can your own usefulness be so increased. In no way can you so effectually serve the Mission Cause." She undertook her work, "Twenty-six Years in Burma," with many doubts and misgivings; but day by day these diminished, as she realized the influence that would go out from such a character and life "even imperfectly delineated" as she modestly tells us.



But she did not trust her own judgment; coming to this country in 1880, she submitted her manuscript to Dr. Murdock, Secretary of the Missionary Union, and then going to Rochester, N. Y., to Dr. Osgood of the Theological Seminary, and to Dr. Kendrick of the University, both competent literary critics, who had known Dr. Binney. What they said to her she does not report. But their praise of her work to others was unstinted, and with reason. Those who read her volume will observe that good sense, cultivated taste, exquisite womanly instinct, and nice spiritual discernment pervade its pages.

Those whose privilege it was to meet Mrs. Binney, when last in this country, and in missionary gatherings drew close to her, that they might not lose her words uttered in weakness and with feeble voice, surely can never forget the impression she made of gentle womanliness and grace of "a heart at leisure from itself," and a life hidden with Christ. After completing her work on Dr. Binney's Life, she returned to Rangoon and resumed her work on the Dictionary. While on her way to Rangoon, she writes from Glasgow, Nov. 3d, 1880, to a friend in America:

"I am sure you and the ladies associated with you in our work—our dear Master's work—and therefore ours, will be glad to hear of my safe arrival at this our first station on the way to Rangoon. I say safe arrival because disasters have been so frequent of late, but I am thankful to be able to say that the passage has been one of unusual interest and pleasure. We have had head winds and have been eleven days from port to port, but it has not been tedious. We have not a large number of passengers, but were favored with the presence of two of the delegates to the Pan Presbyterian Council, recently held in Philadelphia. Both preached for us on each of the two Sabbaths, and we had a very interesting meeting for conference and prayer on the last evening on board. These brought all true Christians very close together, and gave tone to the social pleasures on board, while no undue



restraint was felt by any one. The Captain and officers without exception were courteous and obliging. I am sure you will be surprised to learn that even I, who really shrink from any publicity, yielded to the earnest and almost unanimous request to tell them of our work in Burma, I spoke to them a half hour or more, in a social way, and after one or two appropriate hymns were sung, Dr. Long, of the established church, offered a prayer for our work—for all Christian workers, and for your friend in particular which thrilled every one present. The Amarapooa sails on the 13th. I will have solemn and tender memories on board. They crowd upon me now, but I am able to trust Him who has hitherto been so abundantly gracious. I know my dear sisters will remember me during these long days which must intervene between Glasgow and Rangoon."

Rev. S. F. Smith, D.D., in his "Rambles on Mission Fields," writing from Rangoon, in 1881, says: "Mrs. Binney, whose admirable memoir of her noble husband has been recently published, has lately returned to Burma, and is employed on her Karen Lexicon, which, with praiseworthy zeal, she hopes to complete. Her work will be of great utility to future missionaries."

In writing to a friend of this work in 1879, Mrs. Binney says:

"I am hard at work and sometimes do more than I ought, but upon the whole I look upon my work as my greatest temporal blessing. I am getting on at present very well with the Dictionary. You can hardly conceive the pleasure it gives me to see the demand for it. There are many copies already sold in this way; as fast as the forms are struck off they are sent to those who desire them. I am now just through L. This last revision has made large additions. It will be very far from *perfect*, but it will be very useful, and we do not have perfect things often in this life."

May, 1882, she writes Mrs. Bacon, the Secretary of the Woman's Baptist Missionary Society of the West, which had assumed her support soon after the death of her husband:

“Though too late, I fear, for the Annual Report, I beg to present to the Society some account of the progress of the work in which I am engaged, viz.: the revision of the Anglo-Karen Dictionary and the carrying it through the press. I had revised the whole work, both Dr. Wade’s part and my own, and supposed it ready to be printed before going home with my invalid husband in 1875. But it was afterward thought best to make additions and improvements, and the whole, or nearly the whole, work has been again revised. The printing has progressed as far as about the middle of the letter S. Last January I made an estimate of the remaining portion of the manuscript, and, comparing it with the work done the preceding twelve months, found that it might be finished by the end of December next. This was on the supposition that the work at the press was uninterrupted, and that I might be able to meet its daily demands as I had done the preceding year. Thus far I have not failed on my part, but owing to the sickness of the best Karen compositor, there has been some delay. I trust however not so serious a delay, but the time may be redeemed. I need not say I am most anxious to see its completion, both for the sake of those who need it and for my own sake, that I may be relieved of the unremitted and monotonous labor, and, especially, that I may have more time for personal intercourse with the people. I have but little time for outside work now, though the women living near, and occasional visitors, come to me for a meeting for religious conversation and prayer once a week, and I also have an interesting Bible Class on Sabbath mornings in the Chapel in town. I have at present thirteen young ladies, all East Indians. I take the drive of two miles every Sunday morning and am at the Chapel at 7 o’clock almost without exception, whatever the weather may be. I have had a class for a good many years, as one member leaves, usually marriage or removal from the place is the cause, another enters, so that a pretty full class always remains. How much good I am doing them I do not know. I have reason to believe that many of them are and will be better wives and mothers, thus perpetuating their influence, and that eternity will be richer and happier for most of them. I wish I could do more for them. I bring them to my pleasant home now and then for a cup of tea and a better acquaintance. That I have their love and confidence I have abundant evidence; but if I do not lead them to love and trust Jesus, I shall have labored in vain.”

In the midst of her arduous labors came earnest requests that she would write something that would assist the Committee at home, in their efforts to awaken an interest in Missions among the young ladies, and this is her reply:

“As these requests came to me my first feeling was that I was doing a great work, that my time was short, that I could not be interrupted, that America was full of earnest, able women, who could not relieve me in my work, and I must not be called on to do theirs, but as we do not now have voices from heaven or other miraculous manifestations to show us our duty, I have taken these repeated requests, as indications of the Master’s will, showing me that I should try to press a little more work into these scorching, withering days, or consent to let my present work linger on a little longer, while I pause to write something which may stimulate and encourage my dear young sisters in every place where my testimony has been sought or where it may be likely to accomplish the desired end—that of more earnest, prayerful effort on the part of Christian young women of America, in behalf of their less favored sisters across the seas. I would not have them excited to this simply by the spirit of obedience, but also by faith, strengthened by a knowledge of the results already achieved, as an army needs not only confidence in the cause and in the leaders, but in the hours of despondency or doubt, the shouts of conquest from distant outposts will arouse the waning courage and lead to sterner conflicts and to surer victory.”

In response to these many requests she wrote, and the Society published in the form of a leaflet: “What has Christianity done for Karen Women?” Towards the close of her life she wrote the following letter, “To Leaders of Young Ladies’ Circles,” which reveals how near to her heart this work had always been:

“My dear young sisters. Your interest in the Foreign Missionary Society entitles me, I think, to call you that. To those who are striving to obey the last command of our Lord, he himself has recognized the endearing relation. “He that doeth the will of Him that sent me the same is my mother and sister and brother,” so that by virtue of our relation to



Him we are emphatically sisters to each other. I feel my heart wonderfully drawn out towards you, by hearing that so many young girls have banded together to aid the Woman's Society of the West. In doing this Christ-like work I have taken you all into my heart of hearts and call you by the endearing name of sister. I take you into my confidence also and tell you a little of my early experience. I trust you will not deem it egotistical, and it will show you why my heart was so moved by learning of your dawning interest in this work. When I was about the age of some of the older of your young ladies, I was associated with four other ladies of more mature educational and religious experience as teachers in the Charlestown Female Seminary, Mass., an institution which has now ceased to exist, but which was then in a flourishing state. When I entered upon this work, I had just taken the solemn vows of consecration by baptism upon me, and I felt that I could not do enough for Him who had done so much for me, and who had so distinguished me in inclining my heart to His service, while so many of my young friends were seeking happiness in the things of this life only. My sense of responsibility in the relation I sustained toward the young ladies, a large majority of whom were of a like faith, was at times overwhelming. I had asked the Lord to open the way so that I might give myself personally to work among the heathen, but the way was not open for young ladies to go abroad. In a confidential conversation with my judicious pastor, I had confessed this desire, and he had set my mind at rest by the assurance that if the Lord had given me this earnest desire He would surely grant it in his own time and manner. In the meantime, he advised me to accept the school appointment as from the Lord, and to labor cheerfully in the way which He seemed to indicate. This I endeavored to do, and such was the blessing of the Lord upon the endeavor, that now, so many years after, I am permitted to feel that I have never done more for the Master, than he enabled me to do during those three years in that Seminary. A very large number of young ladies became wives of missionaries, home or foreign, or of pastors of churches, and their influence has been good everywhere. They have ever been my joy and crown, and to-day, there exists so strong an affection, whether on this side of Jordan or on the other, where so many have already entered on the promised possession, that the recalling of the name of one of these former pupils sends a thrill of yearn-

ing, tender joy, through every fibre of my heart. Again, a few years later when, as their pastor's wife, I formed the young ladies of the church into a Society for Personal Improvement, much of our time, when together, was spent in learning the geography and history of Foreign Missions. I thought the reflex influence would justify the course. Time has shown that I was not mistaken. I had the pleasure, a few years since, of attending a Foreign Missionary Meeting in Chicago, and a lady, who, in these days of woman's work for woman has been among the foremost, stated at that meeting that her interest in Foreign Missions dated back to her girlhood when her pastor's wife used to talk and read about them to a little circle of girls, who met semi-monthly at their pastor's home. She also said she was sure that would be the testimony of others of that circle. I do not wish it understood that in either case my influence brought about so happy results, but that in connection with others I have been permitted to rejoice with exceeding joy at the gathering of so rich a harvest from such simple seed-sowing."

It will not be out of place here to quote her words of joy and gratitude at the results of her teaching the Karen girls. She writes a friend on the arrival in Rangoon of Dr. Boganau, a native Karen who had been educated in America:

"Dr. Boganau is already becoming a little initiated. Last evening the Packers invited a few Karen friends to meet him and gave them tea, cake, &c. There were about thirty present. The teachers of the Seminary and of the College, and the oldest class of the College, with a few families living in the neighborhood. I do not know how Boganau was impressed, but I was really myself surprised at the intelligent, refined company we had together, at the manners of the women and the children, for several of them brought their children, of from five or six to ten years to speak to Dr. Boganau. They were all prettily and properly dressed, and understood what was proper, better than most American children brought together in that way, and with a few exceptions conversed in English. Some of the new missionaries happened in, not knowing of the reception. I do not know what they expected, but I know that in 1844, when we were first introduced to a company of Karen Christians, I was so repulsed by the filth and igno-



rance of the people, especially the women, with their scanty clothing and their mouths full and running over with betel-nut, that I just went to my room and sobbed and wept. Last night I felt like weeping tears of joy and gratitude. More than half of the women and children present have grown up under my care, more or less ; good wives and mothers were present as well as intelligent men. One of my little girls has married recently and she is placed in circumstances of wealth and luxury, but she is bringing up the whole family to a higher standard of Christian living. Her mother-in-law was with her last night, smiling and radiant, so proud of her daughter, she could not let her come even with her husband, without her for fear something might happen to her, The mother of this young girl was with me in 1846 and 1847, in Maulmain, and her children have been well brought up. So the circle widens."

In May, 1883, she writes:

"My life is very monotonous and yet not dull. I never make any greater change than to take a drive from one part of the town to the other. I usually ask some one to drive with me, and in that way do a good deal of visiting. You will be glad to hear that my Dictionary is so nearly done that the pressure is removed, the copy revised, and as perfect as I can make it, is all in the printers hands. I think I told you that I am interesting myself a good deal of late in the English speaking community here. While I have for many years had a Bible Class on Sunday mornings in the little Baptist Chapel, I did not follow the pupils to their homes or really know much about their home life.

Since my literary work has not been pressing me, and Mr. Denchfield stood ready to help me if I brought him enquirers, I have taken hold of work in good earnest, and feel that the Lord is very good to give me still something to do for Him. I have the names of sixteen ladies on my class roll and have a pretty steady attendance of twelve every Sabbath. Only two of them are now unbaptized. One of them has been converted and asks for baptism. She has met with great opposition, but has strong and clear convictions of duty and is soon to be baptized. The other is very seriously desirous to know her duty. I have never had so interesting a class in Rangoon. Last Sunday morning I went to my class, not expecting to see many, if any, there, as it was well known that I had been shut up

through the week ; but when I entered, the little space allotted to my class was crowded, and they all looked such a welcome as to surprise me. I expressed my great pleasure at meeting them as I feared they would not come, knowing of the state of my health during the week. 'We were afraid you would not be well enough to come, they replied, but we thought if we came we should hear from you through Mr. Phinney.' So you see I have some loving young friends even here in Burma. We have our International Bible Lessons from your Publication Society; our papers and helps are just the same as yours, and we keep just three months behind you. Before I close I have just room to tell you of an event that has just occurred which has filled many hearts with sadness ; mine too, but not unmingled with joy. The leading man in this little Baptist Church, a deacon of considerable means, more than any other man in the church, very generally respected, and well known in Rangoon, having been harbor-master for some years, but now retired, died this morning, after an illness of about twenty-four hours. On Saturday evening he was at the church meeting active and cheerful; about five o'clock Sunday (yesterday) morning he was wakened from sleep by the bursting of a blood vessel in the stomach. He sent for the Doctor and called his family around him and told them that his summons had come. The Doctor at his request told them freely that nothing could be done but await the sinking of his strength, the exact duration of which no one could tell. There had been an estrangement in the family on account of the marriage of a son which had been forbidden by the mother; he brought about a reconciliation there and spoke most cheerfully of his bright anticipations. His mind was clear and strong, and his faith most unwavering; he encouraged his young pastor and sent messages to various friends, and surrounded by his family and many friends he asked to be raised, stretched forth his hands and said, 'May the Lord bless you all,' and breathed no more.

How such a case takes away the terror of death. I am so glad to-day for this dear brother that I cannot think much of the loss the church has sustained."

A month later she writes:

"It is a great comfort to me that the Lord has given me something to do for Him which is so congenial, and which I have greatly longed for. My Bible Class is larger than I have room to accommodate them, and in going

to their homes I see the other members of the family and so have an opportunity to help Mr. Denchfield a little in his efforts for them. I hope to be able to give considerable time to this work in a very quiet way, just as any christian woman might do at home, without attracting observation. I have a pony and phaeton and I can slip out for an hour or two early in the morning or late in the afternoon, and by doing a little in a day, visit a good many families in a month. The church, though small, nearly or quite pay the pastor's salary. They are all poor, not one exception. Mr. Denchfield is making preparations to commence the work of enlarging the church at the close of the rains, and is establishing a school for children. You will see that as I can find a little leisure, the work will open up more and more and it is a work I have greatly desired to do more of before 'going home.' I should even be willing to be detained awhile if I could but win some of these people to the Savior. I have no reason to complain of my health. I am seldom really ill but I am weary all the time. It is a weary climate."

In Mrs. Binney's last report to the Missionary Society of the West, she says:

"My work on the Anglo-Karen Dictionary still lingers; as there are some changes introduced at the letter E, it is thought best to revise and reprint the first four letters, comprising one hundred and seventy pages. I have recently prepared two small books, taken from Mr. Binney's Systematic Theology and popularized for general reading. My literary work for the Karens is probably done, and any other missionary labor can hardly be expected, as the best oculist that India affords gives me little encouragement that my eyes will ever be better. The right eye is hopelessly gone so far as any practical use is concerned, it looks bright and well, the left eye is trembling in the balance and I am forbidden to use it for reading or writing. I cheerfully leave it with my heavenly Father. I am very thankful for all He has given me to do for Him in the past and for his loving care of me now, and for the trust I am able to exercise in his future dealings with me. Especially am I thankful for the bright hope he gives me of being called at no distant day to a higher and holier service in connection with the loved ones with whom it has been my privilege to be associated in the imperfect service here."



The Secretary adds, "A life so rounded and complete, so full of noble endeavor and lofty achievement may well have so calm an eventide."

On Sunday, May 18th, 1884, having been absent from her Sunday School for some time, she took advantage of a little revival of strength to go to her Bible Class. She had a message for them, and her future being uncertain, she was anxious to deliver it then. Returning home weary and suffering, she expressed her satisfaction in having been to her class. That afternoon she seemed quiet and happy, and really better. She had read to her from the biography of Mrs. Prentiss, of New York City, the account of the last ten days of her life. An hour before midnight intense neuralgic pain returned, which sympathizing friends could not relieve. They went to Jesus in her behalf. He heard and came to her, lifted her up and she was in heaven, parted indeed from them, but with her loved ones gone before and with her Lord.

We are told that the lifeless form was very beautiful, that devout men carried it to the burial, and that her loss will long be keenly felt by her associates, and by the people for whom she lived. But her work goes on in the lives and labors of others, brought to Christ through her efforts, in the influence of her example, in the answering of her prayers, in the volume and tracts she prepared, and through her property left to the Mission. "So being dead she yet speaketh."

In summing up the varied positions and responsibilities to which Mrs. Binney was called in life, we find that whether laboring with her husband in his country pastorates in West Boylston and Southbridge, Mass., and Elmira, N. Y., or in city pastorates in Savannah and Augusta, Ga.; as wife of the

President of Columbus College in Washington, or sharing the labors of the toiling missionary in the Kemendine jungles; whether an honored guest for many weeks in the beautiful homes of friends in her own land, or enduring the discomforts of many months on shipboard; whether training their adopted son or teaching and leading to Christ the little Karen Ghnahpoo; whether preparing books for her students, or cooking for her family and pupils; whether cared for in her own long illnesses, or for fifteen months in her missionary home caring for Dr. Wade, slowly dying with cancer; whether saying in a large gathering of Christian women in Baltimore "Let us pray," or leading in prayer twenty Karen girls in Kodoko, Burma; whether on the ship *Sutlej*, trying to save a young British officer from himself and his evil tendencies, or in Burma, advising and encouraging young missionaries and the native Christian women; whether with unwearied patience learning the Karen language at Maulmain and Kochet-thing-ville, or in later life, after the completion of her three-score and ten years, toiling daily four hours in completing the Karen Dictionary; whether a bride in Providence at twenty-five, or a widow on the Indian Ocean at sixty-nine; in joy and sorrow, in the sunlight of prosperity and in the dark cloud of adversity, in assured success and in seeming failure, in daily companionship with her noble husband, and during three years when two oceans separated them; in struggling and in weakness, in health and in illness, living and dying, she was a representative Christian woman, an inspiration to her husband as well as to her fellow-workers of two hemispheres, and an example for imitation, not only to those who read this sketch but to the Christian women of the whole world.



## ACTION OF THE SOCIETY.

At the Semi-Annual Meeting of the W. B. F. M. S. of the West, which occurred in Chicago, Oct. 9th, 1884, the following resolution was adopted.

*Resolved*, That we recognize the hand of God in the removal of our dear and honored sister, Mrs J. P. Binney, from the scene of her earthly labors. She died at Rangoon, the 18th of May last, and was buried in the Mission Cemetery, among the people for whom she labored. In her early girlhood missions to the heathen attracted her attention and she sought to enter that service, but no door was open till some years later, when she sailed with her husband for Maulmain. For nearly forty years she was a missionary, and during Dr. Binney's lifetime his loving and efficient helper. Soon after the death of Dr. Binney, in 1877, her support was assumed by this Society. During these six years she has been in labors abundant, besides her literary work and care of the women and girls, she was ever the trusted adviser of the younger missionaries and received their love and confidence in a pre-eminent degree. She visited America a few years ago, and many will remember her graceful yet dignified presence, softened by a saintly gentleness and refinement, which shone in her features and was perceptible in every act and word.

During the last two years of her life, failing eyesight and increasing weakness forced her to lay by in a measure some of her active labors, but faithful unto death, she retained the care of her Bible Class and some lighter duties till the 18th of last May, when she was suddenly called home after an illness of only a few hours. While many in Burma mourn for her as for a mother in Israel, and while we feel sensible of our loss in being deprived of her earnest prayers, and helpful counsel and kindness to our missionaries associated with her, yet we rejoice that she was permitted to give so many years to this service ; to present to the Master a life completely rounded out with usefulness and good works, and we rejoice in the assurance that she has received the Master's "well done," and that at the last she will come with many ransomed souls from Burma, who will be stars in the crown of her rejoicing forever, and of whom she may well say, "Lord here am I and the children thou hast given me."

A T R I B U T E  
TO THE MEMORY OF  
MRS. J. P. BINNEY.

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In a fair New England village, years ago, a life unfolded,  
Beautiful and pure and earnest, full of promise, rare and sweet  
Life in glorious harvests fruitful, and in fairest fashion moulded  
For earth's highest pathways meet.

'Twas a fair young maiden grew there, and the light from heaven falling,  
Shone upon a face so earnest, on a heart so pure and free  
That perchance, the white-winged angels hid from other eyes, were calling  
Often to her tenderly.

Reading now her life's grand story, with its high divine ambition,  
With its golden sheaves all garnered for the Master's harvest home,  
I have wondered if her childhood held not some dim premonition,  
Of the glorious years to come.

If some angel did not whisper softly, like a silvery fountain  
To her gentle thoughtful spirit, that its future could not see,  
"Thou shalt publish the glad tidings—beautiful upon the mountain,  
Yet thy coming feet shall be."

For the maiden grown to woman, cast her eyes across the ocean  
Where sad heathen women sit, by many an ancient river's wave,  
Heard them lift their voice in weeping, and amid the dread commotion  
Heard them crying, "Come and save!"

But long years passed slowly over, till with joyful consecration  
One grand sacrifice of service, she her life and talents made,  
As of old God's servant answered in a voice of exultation  
"Here am I," she gladly said.

Where the ancient Indian rivers roll their waters, mystic flowing,  
And the ocean's purple billows break upon the glistening shore,  
Where the vast luxuriant jungles with their stately trees are growing,  
And birds of radiant plumage soar.

There with firm self-abnegation, went this earnest saintly woman,  
 With her noble life-companion, loved and honored at her side  
 Went to tell how Christ has lifted from its lost estate, the human  
     For the human having died.

There with tongue and pen she labored many years with zeal unfailing,  
 And in school and jungle village, well her calm sweet face was loved,  
 And in many a lost soul rescued her petitions were availing  
     And her high devotion proved.

And the happy years of service, placed, tho' hid from human vision  
 On her brow a crown more precious than an earthly monarch's crown,  
 And the prayers of ransomed hundreds lifted from their sad condition  
     Rose like incense to God's throne.

But the years that hastened over with full meed of benediction  
 For her deeds of loving kindness, and the good seed broadly sown,  
 Brought her likewise sore distresses, and a grievous, sad affliction,  
     She was widowed, and alone.

Still she toiled with love unceasing, for the heathen in their blindness  
 Tho' the dust of him she loved lay buried 'neath the Indian waves,  
 And the ocean was an emblem to her of eternal kindness  
     And the boundless love that saves.

And her golden years of service were a joy and not a burden,  
 And her life was growing ready for the endless years of rest,  
 When for all this work for Jesus, she should claim faith's royal guerdon,  
     In the city of the blest.

Still her days were growing brighter now with more than earthly splendor,  
 And the heavenly morn was breaking, sunlit, cloudless, clear and fair,  
 Like the beauty of a sunrise—like an anthem soft and tender,  
     Like the hush before a prayer.

Yet they did not see the angel in the quiet household walking,  
 Did not know the awful presence in this holy woman's home—  
 That she with this dread veiled angel, calmly, trustfully was talking,  
     Did not hear his summons, "Come!"

Yet she said, in heavenly visions even then perhaps descrying,  
 The fair outlines of that city—earthly outlines growing dim,  
 "Glad I am to go to Jesus, I am very glad of dying,  
     For I long to be with Him."

After months of pain and anguish came a Sabbath day whose dawning  
 Was prophetic of the dawning of the glad eternal years,  
 Of the brighter cloudless daybreak, of the long sweet Sabbath morning  
 When God "wipes away all tears."

To the summons she made answer, past all human care and fearing  
 With the splendor of God's presence shining on her even now,  
 Now the rapture and the glory, at His courts her soul appearing,  
 Now the crown upon her brow.

On her grave in that far country, stately tropic trees are throwing  
 Their deep shadows in the noontide, their dim shadows in the night,  
 Over it, the gentle breezes, fragrant tropic breezes blowing,  
 Linger lovingly and light.

O the sorrow and the lonesome on the earthly home descending!  
 O the wail of human grieving that refuses yet to cease!  
 Aye! but in the heavenly singing, one new voice is sweetly blending,  
 O the joy, and O the peace!

Ended now her earthly journey, and fulfilled her holy mission,  
 And the cloudless sunlight streaming now forever on her way,  
 Now those forty years of service have eternal glad fruition  
 In the everlasting day.

M. G. C.









